



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD--OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1847.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. VOL. XVII.--NO. 27. REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

THE LIBERATOR AND THE "HIGHER STEAMERS." The Boston Liberator, a noted abolition paper, has been the subject of much notice of late.

COLORED FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. The news that genteel colored people are henceforth to be admitted to the full privileges of first class passengers is a subject of great interest.

A CLERICAL DOUGHFACE. At the late meeting of the Old School General Assembly in Richmond, Virginia--

SPEECH OF REV. DR. CUNNINGHAM. At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh, in May last, several petitions were presented, calling upon that body to retract its action on the subject of slavery.

SLAVERY--LAND MONOPOLY. DEAR GARRISON: How various are the forms of slavery! Your country is cursed with it in its worst form, that of absolute personal slavery, in which man is dealt with as a chattel.

EDWARD SEARCH. The regular quarterly meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society was held in Liberty Hall, New Bedford, on Saturday and Sunday, June 12th and 13th, 1847.

BRISTOL COUNTY SOCIETY. After the appointment of a business committee, the following resolutions were successively presented for consideration--

Resolved, That the holding three millions of our race in chains and slavery is the great and increasing sin of the American people.

Resolved, That while the American churches and ministers not only palliate, excuse and defend slavery, but are engaged in the revolting and God-defying crimes of slaveholding, slave-driving and slave-trading, any profession, on their part, of an interest in the salvation of souls, ought to be regarded as impudent hypocrisy and solemn mockery.

Resolved, That the so-called Evangelical Alliance, recently organized in the city of New York, by withholding its efforts for the abolition of slavery, and refusing to declare non-fellowship with evangelical slave-traders, has added another proof of the rottenness of American religion, and that the death enemies of the slave are the professed ministers of the gospel.

Resolved, That in the barbarous outrages committed in Mexico, in the name of the United States of America, we see but another demonstration of the slave power which has ruled this country for the last half century; and that every individual who remains a party to this government, in view of these atrocities, makes himself responsible for all the crimes, and a partner in all the guilt growing out of the murders and outrages committed by ZACHARY TAYLOR, WINFIELD SCOTT, and the whole horde of marauders who are now devastating the Mexican territory; and that nothing but a prompt withdrawal from this government, and the putting forth of all right efforts to weaken its arm and secure its overthrow, will absolve any individual from blood-guiltiness.

Resolved, That the success of the anti-slavery enterprise depends upon the full and free enunciation of our sentiments, the public proclamation of our measures, the most rigid fidelity to our principles, and, finally, the most decided and uncompromising hostility to prejudice against condition or color.

Frederick Douglass made a few remarks; after which, J. C. Hathaway, of New-York, addressed the meeting in regard to the sinfulness of slaveholding, and in favor of the 4th resolution, and was followed by Wm. W. Brown, Frederick Douglass, and C. L. Remond.

The following individuals were chosen a Committee on finance, viz--Solomon Peniston, Nathaniel A. Borden, Lloyd Brooks, and Henry C. Remington.

Mr. Holley, of Brooklyn, then addressed the meeting, followed by Frederick Douglass.

John Bailey proposed that the third resolution be amended, by placing the word "among," before the words, "the professed ministers of the gospel," and advocated the amendment.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, the recent proposition introduced by certain professing abolitionists, to give the slave population the Holy Bible, is a miserable ruse, and calculated to turn off the shafts of anti-slavery truth from their properly intended objects.

James N. Buffum stated a few facts, in regard to the religious Society with which he was once connected. The meeting was then addressed by J. C. Hathaway, Frederick Douglass, and Wm. W. Brown.

The amendment was opposed by Edmund Quincy, J. C. Hathaway, and James N. Buffum.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, the resolutions before the meeting were laid upon the table, to enable the finance committee to take up collections and pledges in aid of the society.

The committee having attended to the above duty, the resolutions laid upon the table were taken up, and the amendment to the third resolution rejected.

Resolved, That the prominent measure of the American Anti-Slavery Society--to wit--NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS--becomes more and more our duty, with the increasing impositions and outrages of slavery upon our common rights; and at no former period has that duty been so imperative as at the present moment.

John Bailey moved that all the resolutions, with the exception of the 5th, be laid upon the table. The motion was opposed by Wm. W. Brown and C. L. Remond, and rejected.

Wm. W. Brown then addressed the meeting, followed by Frederick Douglass.

Resolved, That this Society would express their unfeigned thanks to Capt. Jenkins, the accomplished commander of the British steam-ship Cambria, for his highly magnanimous, and polite treatment of our highly esteemed friend, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, on his recent return passage from Great Britain.

The meeting was addressed by Douglass, Brown, Quincy, Buffum, and Holley of Brooklyn; and adjourned.

[The following resolves were presented by Mr. Luce, and contain the sentiments of a very few disaffected persons in New Bedford. As no one seconded them. They were laid on the table.]

Resolved, That whoever believes, (in the language of the American A. S. Society,) that "Slavery is a sin, and ought to be immediately abolished," is an abolitionist; and whether they attempt to carry out that doctrine by voting at the polls, by individual action, by combined or organized action, or by negation, they are, nevertheless, abolitionists; and it is both impertinent and tyrannical to undertake to force them into any particular measure.

Resolved, That anti-slavery is only compatible with perfect freedom of thought and utterance, and the right of every individual to decide for themselves what course they will pursue in opposition to slavery; and any attempt, in any quarter, to attack a person because he or she refuses to adopt their sentiments, or mode of operation, is nothing more nor less than an attempt to enslave a human being, and is, therefore, a flagrant violation of the fundamental doctrine of the abolitionists. And

Whereas, the course pursued by many of the leading abolitionists, as well as by many who are less prominent, has been proscriptive and unfriendly to such an extent, as not only to disenchant and alienate those who have the cause most deeply at heart, but also to provoke disgust in the public mind; therefore,

Resolved, That, instead of being in any way wonderful, that there is no more interest manifested in the anti-slavery movement, or rather in the movements of professed abolitionists, it is surprising that the public have any respect for or confidence in them.

WM. C. COFFIN, Sec. Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRISTOL COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. The annual meeting of this Society was held at Lyceum Hall, Salem, commencing Thursday morning, June 17th, at 10 o'clock.

The meeting was opened by remarks from the President, C. L. Remond, and prayer by the Rev. T. T. Stone, of Salem.

After reading the records of the last quarterly meeting, a business committee was appointed, consisting of the following persons--T. T. Stone, J. C. Hathaway, Mary P. Trask, Frederick Douglass, John S. Russell, Loring Moody.

A nominating committee was appointed, consisting of the following persons--J. N. Buffum, Jesse P. Harriman, Eliza J. Kenney, Simeon Dodge, John B. Pierce, J. N. Buffum, R. B. Rogers, and Wm. W. Brown, were appointed a committee on Finance.

The following is a list of the officers of the Society for the ensuing year: President--Charles L. Remond, of Salem.

Vice Presidents--William Ashby, Eliza J. Kenney, David Merritt, T. T. Stone, of Salem; Nathan Webster, Havertill; William Jenkins, Ebenezer Jenkins, Andover; James N. Buffum, Frederick Douglass, Lynn; Thomas Haskell, Charles F. Hovey, Gloucester; Stephen Barker, Methuen; Francis

Woodbridge, Marblehead; Larkin Woodbury, Manchester; John Cutler, Richard Hood, Danvers; A. J. Jones, West Newbury.

Recording Secretary—Eunice Kenny, Danvers.
Corresponding Secretary—Addison Davis, Lynn.
Treasurer—John B. Pierce, Salem.

Auditors—Moses Wright, Georgetown; Jonathan Buffum, Lynn; William Endicott, Danvers.
Executive Committee—Robert B. Rogers, James P. Boyce, Lynn; Almer Sanger, Danvers; James Babcock, Salem.

The following are the resolutions discussed and adopted by the Society:

1. Resolved, That whilst the American churches and ministers, with few exceptions, are engaged in the awful sin of excusing and defending the enslavement of three millions of our race—doomed as they are to the most revolting cruelty, ignorance and degradation—any efforts on their part professedly to send the gospel to the heathen, or evangelize the world, ought to be regarded as inconsistent, impious, and solemn mockery.

2. Resolved, That the voice of reason, humanity, and of God, proclaims the abolition of slavery the first duty of the American church and people; and that while this duty is neglected and disregarded, the displeasure of Heaven must rest upon both.

3. Resolved, That the experience of the past fifteen years confirms us in the opinion, that nothing short of the measures suggested by the American A. S. Society can ensure the emancipation of the enslaved, the restoration of our common rights, and the permanent establishment of the legacy of great principles and examples transmitted us by our fathers.

4. Resolved, That this Society will never be satisfied until in the dissolution of a false Union, cemented by the sacrifice of Freedom to Slavery, a true Union shall be effected by the entire abolition of slavery, and the universal establishment of freedom.

5. Whereas, the war against Mexico was waged, and is now carried on by land-jobbers and human flesh-mongers, for the purpose of robbing that republic of her territory, to be carved up into slaveholding States, so as to give the Slave Power the supremacy over this nation; and whereas, its success would be the triumph of despotism over the downfall of liberty; therefore,

Resolved, That in this controversy, our sympathies are wholly on the side of Mexico: that in her present relations to this nation, we witness the struggles of freedom against the giant power of oppression; and as there is no attribute of the Almighty that can take sides with the oppressor, we call upon all who fear God and regard man, to bear a firm, faithful testimony against this unrighteous and iniquitous war.

Whereas, the act of slaveholding, as it exists in these United States, proceeds from selfishness in its various aspects of covetousness, of ambition and pride; establishing itself by fraud and violence as appropriate instruments; and

Whereas, also, it assumes the monstrous prerogative of converting man to an article of property, and, having laid this foundation for its entire series of usurpations, proceeds to the natural results, of interposing between the husband and the wife, a will which may at any moment dissolve their sacred relation; of invading, in a word, all the sanctities of the household, as well as the dearest rights of the individual; of substituting will for law, force for love, absolute despotism for universal freedom; developing itself, at once in degradation of the slave, and in proud elation of the master; and, through these constitutional and legal provisions which it originates, converting the slave himself into an unconscious instrument of strengthening his own bondage, and even employing the Federal Union as the great agent of extending and perpetuating the outrage on the avowed ends of its establishment; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we renew the early declaration of the Anti-Slavery sentiment, that slavery is itself evil, and only evil, a curse to the master and to the nation, a grievous and atrocious wrong to the victim from his birth to his death; and the holding of a man as a slave, according to its own definitions, is as actually sin as any other theft or robbery; as actually and in its own nature sin, as piracy, as arson, or as murder.

2. That as inevitable consequence of this principle, the individual slaveholder is solemnly bound immediately to restore freedom to his enslaved brethren; that State, whose laws sustain it, immediately to revoke all its compromises with slavery, establishing justice and securing the blessings of liberty to Americans and their posterity.

3. That to all provisions of the Federal Constitution and laws which counteract these ends—to the whole compact in which freedom is sacrificed to slavery—we declare our entire aversion; and when human authority demands our allegiance to them, we appeal to the higher law, of which all such provisions are infractions.

4. That in declining all allegiance to, and all co-operation with, the Government, so far as it gives support to American slavery, we ask no license to do wrong, but we demand constitutional authority to do right.

5. That identifying ourselves with our enslaved countrymen and brethren, we recognize ours as a higher and more sacred enterprise than our fathers essayed, in seeking the independence of the North American Colonies.

6. That so far as any form of religion opposes itself to these principles and their natural operation, such religion is false; while on the sincere and purest announcement of them, on every rightful method of communicating them to all men, whether bond or free, true religion, Christianity as the life and the word of Jesus, forever sheds its selectest influence.

These resolutions called forth an animated discussion, in which the following persons participated. Rev. T. T. Stone, Rev. Mr. Fisher, C. L. Remond, Wm. Endicott, Loring Moody, Frederick Douglass, Addison Davis, J. N. Buffum, Wm. W. Brown, J. C. Hathaway, Lewis Hawley, Henry P. Trask.

The Society adjourned sine die, at a late hour on Friday evening, after an interesting session of two days and evenings.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND, President.
ADDISON DAVIS, Sec. pro tem.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A party left Puebla, for Vera Cruz, under the command of Capt. Bainbridge, and on the route were attacked several times by the guerrillas. They lost five men and one wagon. The Mexicans were repulsed. Capt. Bainbridge's party succeeded in reaching Col. McIntosh's camp. A party of guerrillas attacked the camp, and fired upon it all night. They reached Vera Cruz safely.

The party under Capt. Duperu was attacked by a superior force, but repulsed the enemy, killing several, with the loss of three killed and three wounded. Gen. Cadwallader joined Col. McIntosh with a reinforcement at the National Bridge, when the whole was attacked by the Mexicans. The battle lasted several hours. The Mexicans were defeated with a loss of 100 men. The Americans lost 15 killed and 40 wounded. The train then moved forward to Jalapa.

The station at Jalapa had been broken up, Gen. Scott having opened a road from Perote to Tlaxcala, for supplies.

Gen. Shields had joined Gen. Scott with 1000 men.

There was not much sickness in Vera Cruz. No preparations for resistance have been made between Puebla and the Capital. 20,000 men are reported to be in the city of Mexico. Gen. Scott will remain in Puebla until reinforced.

Santa Anna has the second time resigned his military and civil stations. Not accepted.

Five Mexican Generals had been arrested and sent to different States for confinement.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, JULY 2, 1847.

FOURTH OF JULY.

An Anti-Slavery celebration of the Fourth of July, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in Harrington's Grove in Waltham, to take place on Monday, July 5th. Let it be made a great and a good day for the sacred cause of Liberty and Human Rights. Let all the lovers of true freedom from the city and the neighboring towns, and from whatever distance they are able, come to the gathering. The day should be redeemed from the self-glorying uses to which it has been almost exclusively given, and made a day for the promotion of justice and freedom to all.

It is wished that the refreshments needed on the occasion may be provided on the true picnic principle. Let each little party bring its own supply, and all will be supplied. Arrangements have been made for the sale of ice creams and some other refreshments at the Grove; and an abundant supply of iced water is to be provided.

A large number of eloquent and well known advocates of the cause will be present, and aid us on the occasion; among them will doubtless be Wendell Phillips, W. L. Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Edmund Quincy, William W. Brown, Caleb Stetson, John Weiss, W. I. Bowditch, W. A. White, and others.

A musical choir of our Waltham friends will render to the cause the effective aid of song. And as funds are constantly needed to sustain and carry forward our moral warfare, it is earnestly hoped that all present will come prepared to contribute in this respect, thus showing it is not their pleasure alone they seek, but that they would remember also those who braved hearts, and scarred and bleeding limbs, no day of freedom has ever yet brought relief or joy. Should each one bring no more than the value of the provisions they have been accustomed to contribute on such occasions, a substantial help would be rendered to the Society.

The cars of the Fitchburg railroad leave Charlestown for Waltham at 7, 9, and 11 A. M., and will take passengers to the immediate vicinity of the Grove. Returning, will leave the Grove at 3:12, 5:14, and 20 minutes after 6 P. M.

Railroad Tickets, for the excursion, may be obtained on Friday and Saturday, July 2d and 3d, at the Anti-Slavery office, 21 Cornhill.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.,
Gen. Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

We have no space to occupy in making a long, earnest and stirring appeal to the friends of liberty and the slave in Boston and the towns in Essex, Norfolk and Middlesex, and other parts of the Commonwealth, to rally with enthusiasm at the Waltham celebration on Monday next. The official invitation so cordially extended to all—the day, the place, the occasion, the object—the number and celebrity of the speakers—should suffice to bring together a multitude of sincere worshippers at the shrine of freedom—great beyond precedent on such an occasion—as numerous as the leaves of the shady grove itself.

In addition to the speakers already advertised, we take the liberty to state, that those widely known friends of Humanity and Reform, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke, have signified their desire and determination to be at the gathering, if practicable; and though we are not authorized to say that they will address the assembly, yet, if they should be present, we are strongly inclined to hope and believe that they will feel 'moved in spirit' to utter at least a few words of encouragement and confirmation.

Let it be remembered, first, that persons and parties attending the picnic are expected to bring their own provisions with them, though some can be obtained by purchase at the grove; secondly, that a free-will offering will be solicited from each and all, to help the cause along.

It is designed to commence the exercises at 10 o'clock, A. M. Those, therefore, who intend to be present from this city and vicinity, should endeavor to take the 9 o'clock train for Waltham.

[An unknown correspondent sends us the following effusion, with reference to 'the glorious Fourth.' It will do.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLILOQUY.

JULY 4th, 1847.

Yes, we are all Republicans;
What matters it to me,
That Southern blacks are sold as slaves?
So, shout for Liberty!

Our Charter speaks of human rights,
And men created free;
And none but blacks are chained and sold—
So, ring for Liberty!

I know we are the just and scorn
Of many a titled knave,
From Turkey's throne to Hindostan,
On 'Turkey's side the wave.

They call us sordid hypocrites,
And point at us in scorn,
Because with freedom on our lips,
We live our precepts down.

They say our boasts of liberty
Are worse than idle prate;
For men around our Capitol
Are bought and sold by weight.

And all the generous and good,
Of every clime and hue,
Are watching us with interest
Intense, but painful too.

They mourn that men on earth are found
So lost to honest shame,
To shout and boast of liberty,
With nothing but the name.

And Freedom's guardian angels,
Ordained of Heaven to keep
Our destinies secure from harm,
Bend o'er the scene, and weep.

And are we yet Republicans?
Our great ones say we be!
And Slavery is our corner-stone—
So, chant the Jubilee!

CROWDED ONE. The length of the highly interesting letter of Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, compels us to omit, this week, among other things, another letter to the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, on the subject of Colonization, and also a note from E. G. Loring, and another from Wendell Phillips. Also, a communication, signed 'Libertas,' in relation to the press proposed to be given to Frederick Douglass, by the friends in England.

The General of Division, Joseph Ballhazur Ingine, ex-Secretary-General, died at Port au Prince on the 9th ult. He was a man of superior intelligence, talents and sagacity. He used to correspond with us occasionally, and also with the lamented Benjamin Lundy, and took a deep interest in the anti-slavery movement in the United States.

THE FAMINE. Long as it is, the letter of our beloved and actively philanthropic friend RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, giving the results of his personal observation of the effects of the dreadful famine in Ireland, will amply repay the most attentive perusal, being full of thrilling interest.

VISIT OF PRESIDENT FOLK TO BOSTON.

During the past fortnight, President Polk has been journeying eastward from Washington to Boston, via Philadelphia, New-York, New-Haven, Springfield and Worcester, and intends visiting Concord, N. H., and Augusta, Me. He has received, on his route, such demonstrations of popular respect for his office, and of party regard for himself, as might be expected on the part of a people lost to all self-respect and true virtue. He arrived in this city on Tuesday, and was met by the city authorities, the military, and a procession of citizens; and though his reception was not an enthusiastic one, it was unfortunately a very wet one, for the weather was quite rainy. On Wednesday forenoon, he was escorted to Charlestown, to catch a glimpse of the Bunker Hill monument, (we do not learn that he had any of his slaves with him on the occasion, as did his illustrious predecessor, John Tyler), and to examine the Navy Yard, and in the afternoon took the cars for Lowell. Of the thousands that crowded the streets of this city, very few were actuated by any other feeling than that of curiosity to see the man; and few, faint, and far between, were the cheers that went up as he passed along through the various streets.

For what does such a man deserve to be honored? True, he is the President of the United States; but has he not acted the part of an unscrupulous usurper since he occupied that station? Has he not designedly plunged this nation into a war of unparalleled iniquity, in contempt of his constitutional oath, for the purpose of extending the boundaries of slavery, and augmenting indefinitely the Slave Power? Is he not the robber of the poor—the defender of wholesale licentiousness and cruelty—a man-stealer?

Below, is a letter which was sent to him, during his sojourn in this city, in behalf of the friends of impartial liberty and universal emancipation in this Commonwealth. It deals in no circumlocution, but appeals to his understanding and conscience in the most cogent manner.

TO JAMES K. POLK,
President of the United States.

Your visit to Boston presents a suitable opportunity to ask of you the immediate performance of an act, which is demanded alike by inflexible justice, the natural instinct of the human soul, and the unchangeable law of God.

We address you simply as the friends of liberty and equality, in no partisan state of mind, and for no political object; with all the respect that may be considered due to your elevated station, yet with that frankness of manner and plainness of speech which an occasion like this demands.

You are a slaveholder. Men, women and children are by you held in slavery—recorded in your ledger as chattels personal—worked like brutes, without wages or stipulation, under the lash of a driver, and fraudulently and tyrannically deprived of all their just earnings.

No greater sin can be committed against God, no more atrocious crime against man, than this. He who commits it in this age of the world, and especially in a land so full of light and knowledge as our own, is pre-eminently guilty. It is man-stealing—an act, in comparison with which, the crime of theft, burglary, or arson, 'whitens into virtue.'

It is fair to measure you by your own standard. You claim to be a genuine democrat, and have been placed in the Presidential chair by a party claiming to be purely democratic. Is not this a fundamental doctrine of democracy, that 'all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?' Yet you hold men as your property, to all intents, purposes and constructions whatsoever, and do not blush! You kidnap human beings, and like Pharaoh of old, refuse to liberate your miserable victims!

With you, practically, democracy is synonymous with man-stealing; for no man would be regarded by you, or by the party to which you belong, as a free-will offering will be solicited from each and all, to help the cause along.

It is designed to commence the exercises at 10 o'clock, A. M. Those, therefore, who intend to be present from this city and vicinity, should endeavor to take the 9 o'clock train for Waltham.

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Because with freedom on our lips,
We live our precepts down.

They say our boasts of liberty
Are worse than idle prate;
For men around our Capitol
Are bought and sold by weight.

And all the generous and good,
Of every clime and hue,
Are watching us with interest
Intense, but painful too.

They mourn that men on earth are found
So lost to honest shame,
To shout and boast of liberty,
With nothing but the name.

And Freedom's guardian angels,
Ordained of Heaven to keep
Our destinies secure from harm,
Bend o'er the scene, and weep.

And are we yet Republicans?
Our great ones say we be!
And Slavery is our corner-stone—
So, chant the Jubilee!

CROWDED ONE. The length of the highly interesting letter of Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, compels us to omit, this week, among other things, another letter to the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, on the subject of Colonization, and also a note from E. G. Loring, and another from Wendell Phillips. Also, a communication, signed 'Libertas,' in relation to the press proposed to be given to Frederick Douglass, by the friends in England.

The General of Division, Joseph Ballhazur Ingine, ex-Secretary-General, died at Port au Prince on the 9th ult. He was a man of superior intelligence, talents and sagacity. He used to correspond with us occasionally, and also with the lamented Benjamin Lundy, and took a deep interest in the anti-slavery movement in the United States.

THE FAMINE. Long as it is, the letter of our beloved and actively philanthropic friend RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, giving the results of his personal observation of the effects of the dreadful famine in Ireland, will amply repay the most attentive perusal, being full of thrilling interest.

A FOURTH PARTY.

On the 8th, 9th and 10th instant, birth was given to a fourth political party in the United States, at a convention held at Macedon Lock, Wayne County, N. Y., composed of those who have seceded from the Liberty party, under the special guidance of Messrs. William Goodell, J. C. Jackson, and others. This new party takes the name of the 'Liberty League,' and has twenty articles to its creed. Why it should have passed at the twentieth, as a universal reform party, we do not understand; for a multitude of others might just as properly be added. A writer in the *Utica Liberty Press* has proposed (somewhat satirically, it is true) nineteen more, so as to make the exact number thirty-nine; identical with the number embraced in the creed of the English Church.

The Albany Patriot, (which is to be the grand organ of the new party), containing the proceedings of the convention, failed to reach us; but the last number contains the 'Address to the Friends of Liberty, Justice, and Good Government in the United States,' which was adopted by that body. If we had no other proof, the length would certify to us, beyond a doubt, that it came from the prolific pen of our indefatigable friend William Goodell. It occupies more than thirteen columns of the Patriot, each column both wide and long! However able, ingenious and logical it may be, it is a formidable document to present to the public at this melting season of the year. How many will dare venture upon the task of reading it, remains to be seen; and yet, for the encouragement of all—and not to the dissatisfaction of its author, we trust—we announce the fact, that we have read it all, not hastily, but with care.

What man dare do, I dare!
What does do more, is none!

As a political document, it strikes us as a very great absurdity; though, as a specimen of ethical reasoning, it certainly does no discredit to the talents of the writer of it. It embraces many points—the abolition of slavery, free trade, distribution of the public lands, the demolition of the navy, the disbanding of the standing army, direct taxation, the abolition of the Post Office monopoly, the restoration to Mexico of her conquered territory, including Texas, &c.—to all which, we heartily subscribe. It pledges the party to 'confer office on no slaveholders, or members of pro-slavery bodies, political or ecclesiastical; on no vendors of strong drink, or advocates for the license of that traffic; on no members of secret societies; and on no persons known to be immoral, unjust, dishonest, or (by position or principle) in a state of hostility to the essential elements and conditions of civil, political and religious freedom.'

Of a truth, those who shall be nominated by this party may just as well as not come at once to the philosophical conclusion in their minds, that 'a private station is the post of honor.' Strive as they may to make their 'calling and election sure,' there is no chance for them.

The formation of a political party, on such a basis as this, especially in the present demoralized state of public sentiment, strikes us as really preposterous. We are not, therefore, prepared to join it. Its professions of regard for the public good and the rights of the people are no higher, or better nor more confidently put forth, than those of the Whig or Democratic party; though its measures are more specific, and, if carried out, would indicate a very great change for the better in public sentiment. But, like those other parties, it seeks after power—it aims to occupy stations of emolument and worldly ambition—it claims the right to rule over the people, according to its own conceptions of right, and by inflexible and penal laws—the ballot-box, alias the bullet-box, is the source of its strength—it makes no provision for freedom of conscience or individual dissent—its rule of action is, might, not right, the majority *versus* the minority.

Now, we will concede to no body of men, however wise and well-meaning they may be, discretionary power over the life, liberty or property of others; and the party that seeks to possess, and claims the right to exercise this power, is just the party from which we shall be careful to keep ourselves divorced. We cannot recognize it as being imbued with the spirit of Christianity, but regard it as belonging to 'the kingdoms of this world.' Let the dead bury their dead. Let those who are 'under the law,' bear it; but let those who profess to be 'under grace,' see that they walk worthily as the disciples of Him who came to put down all rule, authority and power, and who said to his disciples—'The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so. . . . I appoint unto you a kingdom.'

We feel called upon to make a criticism like this, in this connection, because this new party claims to be based on Christian principle, and to present a pattern of Christian government.

After reading this high-toned moral and reformatory Address, so big with promise, so wide in its scope, so revolutionary in its design, we were never more convinced of the fact, that 'there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous'; than in observing its concluding sentence—'We nominate GEN. SMITH, of the State of New-York, for President, and ELIME BERRITT, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President, of the United States!—Here is a pure specimen of bathos! Can a greater satire upon the profession and character of world-wide philanthropists and reformers be bestowed, than in nominating them for such offices? Let us suppose that Messrs. Smith and Berritt are the successful competitors—what is the first act they will be called upon to perform, before they can be duly qualified as President and Vice President? Why, to take an oath or affirmation, that they will support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and execute the laws of Congress made in pursuance thereof. The very same oath that James K. Polk and George M. Dallas have taken in regard to the very same instrument! Well, they are elected by a party, that makes the immediate abolition of the army and navy a fundamental article in its creed; and these gentlemen pledged themselves beforehand to carry out the objects of the party. But what says the Constitution, which they swear faithfully to maintain? Why—the President shall be COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES, and OF THE MILITIA OF THE SEVERAL STATES, when called into the actual service of the United States!—

Marvellous consistency and excellent morality this! Moreover, the new party has elected a majority in both houses of Congress, and it goes for the abolition of the army and navy. But what says the Constitution (which it swears to uphold) on this point? Congress shall have power to declare war; (thus assuming that war is right, and that Congress may properly decide when war shall be waged!) grant letters of marque and reprisal, raise and support ARMIES, provide and maintain a NAVY, &c. &c. Again—the second article of the Amendments to the Constitution reads thus—'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security (!) of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.'

What, then, can be more idle, than for this 'Liberty League' to talk of abolishing the army and navy, under the present Constitution of the United States? It cannot be done without perjury. On the Procrustean bedstead of that instrument, no philanthropist or reformist exploits can be performed ad libitum; but whatever party takes possession of it, if too long in its dimensions, the party must be cut off

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND. LETTERED FROM
RICHARD D. WEBB.
DUBLIN, June 1st, 1847.

FRANCIS JACKSON.

My dear friend—When you forwarded some money a while ago, contributed by the abolitionists for the relief of the distress in Ireland, you requested me to let you have some report of its application; and I replied that as I thought the Central Committee of the Society of Friends the most trustworthy hands it could be placed in, you must trace its progress to the use made of the funds committed to my care. However, as I have just returned from a painful journey to the west of Ireland, undertaken by request of the Friends' Committee, partly to inquire into the application of the money, and partly to disburse it myself, I think it will interest you to read the following account of my visit; and to see a statement of facts from one who has seen what I describe. In the course of my excursion, I took great pains to see with my own eyes, to question and even examine. I had introductions to the most intelligent persons in that country, and held many conversations with the poor, with anxious, hungry faces, taking more Irish than ever I heard in my life before, (not a word of which I could understand,) grasping my knees and my shoulders, in their eagerness to get me to listen to their tales of distress, and telling such contradictory stories, that it was impossible the half of what they said could be true. It was enough to puzzle a saint, or to bother Job, and every one that knows me, knows that I am neither the one nor the other. However this may be, I think my history is a true history. As to my deductions, there will be ten thousand different opinions. This is the way with every thing, (particularly every thing Irish,) about which nobody is sure. It will help you to look at the map, as you read my story. On the 7th of last month, I exchanged the Dublin mail coach for Ballinacree, within four miles of Sligo, for the mail coach on its way from Sligo to Ballina. The country here is rocky and mountainous, the cabins and the appearance of the people are wretched, and only a small part of the soil appeared to be under cultivation. We met numbers of emigrants on their way from various parts of Mayo, for embarkation at Sligo. A poor woman, one of my fellow-passengers was obliged to return with her infant to Crossmolina, as the money forwarded by her husband from Syracuse, in the State of New York, was insufficient to defray her passage and that of all her family. She sent two of them forward, and made up her mind to push on as well as she could till she received further assistance. The melancholy condition of the country was evinced by the number of deserted cabins that we saw on the way-side.

Shortly after arriving at Ballina, I called upon a sister of the established Church, to whom I was introduced. He accompanied me to Carrrow, a gentleman of large property, who has devoted himself with great energy to the alleviation of the present distress. His personal and pecuniary exertions have been enormous, and he travels upwards of one hundred miles per week, whilst attending three relief committees in various parts of the country. He described, in strong terms, the amount of destitution in the populous district round Ballina, and the difficulty in the way of all efforts to lessen it. Owing to the number of absentees, there are few landlords left to carry forward either public or private measures of relief; and upon those few the claims are greater than can be readily appreciated in better cultivated and wealthier communities. At the workhouse in Ballina, the mortality from fever and dysentery has been alarming; but it must be remembered that a large proportion of the sufferers only applied for admission, in the hope that they would be provided with a coffin when dead, which was more than they could hope for if they died outside the poor-house walls.

Before the present visitation, the poorer classes in the country were extremely tenacious of the credit and respectability attached to a good, large, well-constructed funeral. Many, who saved money for no other purpose, were careful to preserve a hand to defray their funeral expenses. Few of the popular customs appeared more firmly rooted than this; but it has been swept away like chaff before the wind. In the most distressed districts, funerals are now rarely attended by more than three or four relations or friends; they excite little attention, and apparently less feeling. Whole families are exterminated by dysentery, fever, and starvation; and the catastrophe has become so common in the West of Connaught, that it excites no more notice than would have been occasioned two years ago by the death of an individual.

At Crossmolina, six miles from Ballina, I called upon the Rector of the parish. He and his family are indefatigable in their efforts for the relief of the distress. They keep a soup kitchen in constant operation, and numbers flock to them from all parts of that populous and afflicted district. Here a miserable looking creature was pointed out to me, ragged and filthy, with one starved child upon his back, and another by the hand. I was assured that he was known to have thrown his wife into a bog hole, after having starved her so that she was already half dead. When she was found in that state, still living, he was taxed with his cruelty, but he answered that she had fallen by accident. She was resuscitated, and they were both supplied with food for themselves and their children. The poor woman, however, eventually died of starvation, and my informant told me that she was obliged to see that the live children were fed upon the spot, or they would be likely soon to meet their mother's fate. One of the most horrible effects of this distress is that under-lying of family affection and social ties, which has taken place in all ages in beleaguered cities, armies starved upon the march, and ships whose supplies had run out at sea. In the course of my journey, I heard of many instances of the kind; and I saw many perpetrators of deeds of selfishness and cruelty, which at ordinary times would have excited the universal horror of the community. At the present crisis, our feelings called forth are rather those of compassion than indignation; for we, who are blessed with abundance, can form little idea of the extent to which our own nature might be changed and depraved by the overmastering cravings of hunger. On a retrospect of the misery I have witnessed amongst hundreds and thousands who at the moment never enjoy a full meal, and who can not tell to-day where to turn for sustenance to-morrow, I am amazed at the absence of outrages amongst them. During my stay of about ten days in the Barony of Erris, although it was not uncommon to hear of sheep, cows, and even horses, being killed and eaten by the famishing people, I heard of no instance of highway robbery or personal violence having occurred upon the land. On the sea, the case was different; for, shortly before my visit, as well as whilst I was there, many vessels laden with provisions were plundered by the people along the sea-side, who surrounded the vessels on pretence of selling them fish, and overpowered the crews by dint of numbers. Whilst I was at Rosapott in the northern part of the county of Mayo, a vessel, ten miles from shore, was thus plundered of 3000 lbs of Indian corn, by 34 men in 11 scullers, the fishing boats or canoes of the country. These men, with their boats and plunder, were taken prisoner by 5 coast guards, and brought 30 miles to Rosapott, where I saw them in prison. With two rare exceptions, they were stout, healthy looking

young fellows, well clad, and apparently well fed. This robbery took place in Broadhaven. Some weeks before, a similar circumstance occurred in Black Rod Bay, South of the Mull. Several of the perpetrators were taken prisoners, and tried at Castlebar for the piracy; but they were acquitted, in consequence of the counsel for the Crown having closed the case, without any attempt to prove to the jury that the property in question was stolen. It was considered that the acquittal in this case had a disastrous result, both upon other vessels that visited the coast, and upon the people themselves; for the latter imagined that such offences were looked upon as venial, in consequence of the scarcity of food, and that they might be repeated with comparative impunity.

From Crossmolina to Belmullet, a distance of 26 miles, the road passes through an exceedingly wild and dismal tract of country, consisting of bogs, marshes, and heathy mountains of no great elevation, and little picturesque beauty. The quantity of arable land in this district is small, and the apparent population very limited. However, I was told that I must not judge of the density of population by the number of cabins visible from the road, or by the fewness of the people whom we met; for in the glens of the mountains, and in the valleys between the hills on either side, are villages, inhabited by hundreds. The only villages on the road side are Corick and Bangor. The latter contains a few good houses, and if the country were wooded, its situation might be considered beautiful. But in the Barony of Erris, living trees are unknown, although the bogs contain abundant remains of timber, which show that, at no very distant period, this district must have been profusely wooded. There are probably thousands of the present inhabitants, who have never seen a green tree taller than a shrub the height of a garden wall. R. R. Savage, the keeper of the hotel at Achill Sound, told me that when his daughter, then a child of eight years old, first visited Westport, she was afraid the trees would fall upon her as they waved over head, across the road. They must have indeed appeared strange and wonderful to her, when I arrived at Westport, on my way southward from Erris, the profusion of verdure and living foliage in which that lively little town is embosomed, struck me as extremely novel and refreshing. In the whole of Erris, (which extends about 30 miles from East to West, and 40 miles from North to South), there is probably not a single large tree.

Belmullet is the principal, and indeed the only place deserving the name of town in the Barony. Bingham's town, three miles farther on, in the peninsula called the Mull, contains a very few good houses, besides several in a ruined condition, and a great number of the most squalid cabins inhabited by as wretched a class of human beings as could be found on the face of the earth. I visited this place, as well as the country for seven miles farther South as far as Termon on the day after my arrival at Belmullet. F. T. Campbell, of Bangor, kindly accompanied me to the place, and accompanied me, at some inconvenience to himself. On subsequent inquiry, I found him to be one of the most laborious, efficient and zealous laborers amongst the few in the whole Barony, who can do much to alleviate the prevailing distress. I may here remark, once for all, that I was much gratified by the zeal and devotedness exhibited by most of those to whom grants for the relief of the poor have been given, by friends and others. I think that at least as much credit is due to the distributors as to the donors; and it is difficult for any but an eye-witness, to form a correct idea of the position of the very few individuals in that miserable country, who are properly qualified for the distribution of grants. Placed in the midst of a starving and mendicant population, where with their utmost efforts, aided by all the assistance poured into the country from England and elsewhere, they are unable to supply with enough to support nature, they are liable to continual charges of unfairness, partiality, indifference, or want of judgment, charges that are made without stint, and are much more easily made than refuted. Even if the supplies were not distributed with perfect fairness, or in the best possible way, I believe that nearly all who act as volunteers in behalf of the suffering poor do the best they can; and were we to withhold assistance from these, we must either allow the people to perish by thousands, or relieve them by agents employed by ourselves; who would, perhaps, meet with no better success, and might not be so well acquainted with the people and the localities. It should be remembered that those who labor for the poor, do so at a great sacrifice of time and trouble, and in continual risk of being attacked by the pestilence which rages around them. At the time of my visit to Erris, there was no collection of houses by the road side, no village scattered over the country, in which fever was not prevalent in some families, frequently leaving children fatherless, and parents childless. In many cases, whole families were swept away by starvation, or fever, or both. In one cabin, I saw six young children lying head and points on their miserable beds, on each side of the turf fire, whilst the father and mother, wasted and emaciated, sat crouching over the embers. In another cabin, I saw the father lying near the point of death on one side of the fire-place, over the ashes sat a wretched little boy, wholly naked; on the opposite side of the hut, beneath a ragged quilt, lay the body of an old woman, who had taken shelter there, and died. As she belonged to nobody, there was no one to bury her; and there have been many instances of bodies lying five or six days unburied, before any one could be induced, by threats or rewards, to inter them. I saw many instances where graves were made within a few yards of the cabin doors. In some places, bodies have been interred in the floors on which they died, and in others they have been covered by the ruins of the cabins they occupied; this mode of burial being resorted to as the least hazardous, troublesome, and expensive. A corpse is regarded as an incumbrance to be got rid of as quickly, and with as little effort as possible. Although I saw many dead and dying, and witnessed harrowing scenes of disease and want, I observed very few funerals. It was told that they generally occur early in the morning. The relatives, being ashamed of the necessity of hurrying the departed to their last resting place with scanty attendance, and sometimes without coffins, make every effort to bury their dead quickly out of their sight.

Besides the day I spent with F. T. Campbell, in traversing the Mull, I spent another day in company with George John Darcy, in walking through the village between Bingham Castle and the Southern extremity of that peninsula. I believe this district contains as much misery as can be found in the same space in any other part of Ireland. Fever and dysentery prevail to a great extent. The people are nearly all on the same dead level of absolute want. I saw numbers of them searching on the sea-shore for limpets, cockles and sea-weed, probably the poorest and least nutritious kind of human food. Great numbers of these people, especially of the children, are shockingly emaciated; their arms and legs are like drum-sticks, and some of them are such hideous combinations of skin and bone, that they look more like monkeys than human beings. I do not think that words can exaggerate the wretchedness of these poor creatures. They resembled the images in a frightful dream, rather than living men, women, and children. Some of these children seemed to have lost their voices. They spoke in a low, pining, whining tone, that was most distressing to hear. At my first visit, I heard that a horse had been killed the preceding night, and the carcass found cut up in the cabin of a starving family. When this cir-

cumstance was related, I was in one of the very few comfortable farm houses in the country, taking shelter from the rain. A number of poor people were there for the same purpose. One of them said he would be glad of a share of the horse for himself. He looked so famished, that I think it likely he spoke the truth. The same day, I saw the man who owned the horse that was killed. He had spent some years in the United States, and returned about two years ago, for the purpose of taking out his family. But the potato blight coming on, brought him nearly to the verge of starvation, and the loss of the horse was a great blow; for he maintained himself chiefly by hiring it out. He was a steady, decently dressed man, appeared intelligent, and his voice faltered as he told his story. During my subsequent visit to the same district, I was in the cabin of the man who had killed and partaken of the horse, and I found himself and his wretched family engaged in watching a pot of sea-weed that was being boiled over a little fire, the material for a miserable meal. His hut was about ten feet square, and the entrance was not more than three feet six inches in height. In fact, the dwellings of the poor in this region are often as confined, as miserable, and as filthy, as can be found in any country. In other parts of Ireland, it is common to find the manure heap before or beside the cabin door; but in Erris, you must frequently walk over it into the cabin, and in some instances, I have found these disgusting heaps within the miserable little hut itself. If the proverb be true, that 'muck brings luck,' the people of Erris ought to be happy. I never before saw such dirty people. The hands and faces of many of the applicants who surrounded me, were positively loathsome, and thick with dirt. This indifference to cleanliness may be partly attributed to want of heart and spirit in their present sore distress; but I am persuaded they have no great love for soap and water, at any time. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that fever should prevail among them now, as that it should ever be absent.

I visited the villages of Termon, Mullaghroe, Aughlean, Newtown, Cleghar, Surgeview, Termon, one Fallmore in the Mull, South of Bingham Castle. It would be needless to attempt to describe the wretchedness I witnessed in all these, except the two last. In Termon and Fallmore, no mendicants accosted us, and the people rather held back than evinced any disposition to meet us, or enter into conversation. In Fallmore in particular, the men were well-dressed, and independent in their bearing, and some tillage was going on, which was rarely the case in any part of Erris. We were told that the people of Termon and Fallmore had profited largely by the recent piratical attacks in Black Rod Bay, on vessels laden with provisions. I was told that when the robbers had loaded one of the boats with Indian corn, they discovered in the ship a quantity of wheaten meal, and as they had no room for more, they threw overboard the Indian corn, and supplied its place with the meal. I saw in the house of an old lady in Surgeview, a sample of Indian corn, ground in a quern to about the fineness of hominy, and sold by the present holder at a pretty high rate to such as could purchase. The quern is an aboriginal mill of the rudest construction, still in use in many parts of Erris. It consists of a circular piece of closely grained stone, about fifteen inches in diameter and of a concave form, into which another stone of similar size, but of a convex shape, is fitted so loosely, that it can be turned round by a handle. There is a hole in the upper stone to drop the corn into, and this is kept constantly filled, whilst the ground corn falls out beneath.

Of all the arable land in the barony, probably not more than one acre in 100 is sown this year. The greater number have no seed, and many who had seed ground it and used it for food. Many expected seed from their landlords, others from the government. Of those who have effected any tillage of potatoes or oats, some say they might as well leave the land untouched, since they do not hope to reap what they have sown. They either don't expect to live long enough to reap it, or they fear that the crop will be stolen by their neighbors before it can come to maturity. From the same conviction of insecurity, many are killing and eating their miserable cows and sheep. If they don't eat them, they will be stolen, or will die of starvation. Cows are sold for 15 shillings or 20 shillings, which would, in better times, be worth four times the money. I saw a tolerably good sheep and a lamb that had been purchased for 4 shillings, and two sheep and a lamb for 3 shillings. Speaking of the mortality among the cattle, I heard a poor man remark, that the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, including the very crows, were scourged by the potato blight. I was shown extensive districts of mountain, formerly dotted with cows and sheep, where now hardly a cow or sheep is to be seen. The difference between the comparatively rich and the very poor, formerly lay in the possession or non-possession of cattle. Now, this distinction is nearly at an end; for almost all the cattle are either starved or eaten. An affecting instance was related to me of a widow and her child, living in the same cabin with her brother and his niece. One day at the soup shop, the widow requested that the share for herself and her child might be given to her separately from that of the other members of the family, assigning as a reason, when pressed to do so, that she had a cow, and that she could not keep it alive without dividing her soup with it. All the food given out to the people is called by them either *soup* or *committes*. In most cases, it consists of a substantial porridge or stirabout, composed of rice and Indian meal, a nutritive diet, having no similarity to soup.

One man told me that the people in some parts would be badly off but for the plunder. In many fields, I saw children with short sticks turning up the soil in old potato ground, probably for the fifth or sixth time, seeking for the miserable relics of last year's crop. I have seen a family of starved little things engaged in this way, the fruit of a day's labor being about a quart or so of wet, unwholesome potatoes, not larger than a walnut. In a few places where potatoes were planted, I heard the people say that it would be a fine thing if they were not attacked by cholera. This is their name for the potato blight. One man told me that he had a wife and a 'long weak family,' who were all badly off, and that he had offered three of his boys to Lieutenant Dawson, inspecting officer of the Water Guard at Belmullet, that he might have them placed in the Navy. 'For sure,' said he, 'it would be better to have them out of my sight any where, if I was never to see them again, than to have them starve before my eyes.'

In a cabin, I saw a little girl who had been left there with her uncle. This poor man had a 'long' family of his own to support, but the child's father, with his wife and three children, had recently emigrated to America, and were obliged to leave the child behind; for when he laid in his stores for the voyage, he had but seven pence left, with which to face the new world. Villages were frequently pointed out, where the people had not a pint of meal, or a penny to buy it. At Tallaught, a wretched place on the main land coast, many lay dead, and the living seemed to sustain life by eating dead horses. I never before saw so many skeletons of horses and cows. In the Mull, more particularly, they are to be seen on the road side, wherever you travel. It was in Tallaught, that a father lay five days dead, and was the fifth day his three children were dead also. So they were all buried together in a ditch. The mother likewise died, but her people, for the credit of the family, carried her to a grave-yard in an ass's cart. One man said of the suffering people, 'If they get any strong dose at all, they die off at once.' I asked what he meant by a 'strong dose.' He re-

sponded, 'If they get a full meal, it kills them immediately.' Another said, 'Any body's house you come to, the talk is all of misery and starvation. There is no fun at all among them now.' This is literally true. Their natural vivacity and light-heartedness have been starved out of them. Speaking of the levelling effect of this visitation, I heard it remarked, 'People that I thought could stand it out (had property sufficient for two or three years, are gone to nothing.' And in talking of the prostration of strength effected by the starvation, 'men who were so strong that they could pull a horse out of a ditch, are gone to skeletons. Every day is a step worse with them.'

A crowd of applicants stood outside the door of a house in which I was speaking to a man who had a remarkably good knowledge of the people and the country. He remarked, 'There are some characters (individuals) out there, that two or three months ago, I could not believe would come in this way.'

In Newport, I was informed by an intelligent person, that 40 or 50 couples were married last year, previous to Lent; but this year not a single marriage took place; and for 20 births last year, there was not one in the present year.

I heard of husbands who turned away their wives, and of others who seized on their wives' share of food served out to them at the soup kitchens, or beat them if they refused to give it up. A medical man of great benevolence, told me that he knew of cases, in which the heads of a family had starved their own children, and their own aged parents. In one instance, when a girl was accused of starving her little sister, she replied, 'Don't blame me. It's not me. It's my mother that starved the child.'

I visited a great part of the Barony of Erris, from Portlaoise on the North coast, to Achill sound on the South. The preceding remarks apply pretty much to the whole of that country. But the most distressed districts are the Inner Mulllet, South of Bingham's town, and the Inver, a peninsula on the main land, between Scawadden Bay and Broad Haven. Here are scattered from 1000 to 1500 souls, in their miserable villages, over a district about 9 miles in circumference, and cut off by the sea and the surrounding bogs from any easy access to relief. During my stay, means were taken to alleviate their extreme destitution, by placing at the disposal of Samuel Bourne of Rosapott, (an active friend to the poor), a supply of provisions out of the store at Belmullet, belonging to the Central Relief Committee of Friends. I trust that 'this timely assistance will be the means of saving many lives.'

In endeavoring to account for the wretched condition of life of the people in this region, or for the crushing weight with which the present calamity has overwhelmed them, I cannot approve of the unqualified terms in which the present race of landlords have been condemned. They are the victims of a bad system, handed down by their predecessors.

Until a comparatively recent period, the landlords in Western Connaught made little more advance than the peasantry, in the march of civilization. They were haughty, improvident, ignorant, intemperate and extravagant. They had little or no idea of the existence of duties to be fulfilled by them towards their tenantry, and the result is seen in the deplorable state of the country. The present owners of land lived as their fathers lived, knowing nothing, and hearing nothing of the changes and reforms in the rest of the world. This terrible visitation came upon them like a thunderclap, and now they are all in the mire together. Many landed proprietors in Erris are steeped in embarrassment, so that when they go to bed at night, they cannot tell where they will get food for themselves and their families on the morrow. It is to be hoped that the government measures in course of preparation, will result in some radical change for the better. Hitherto the attempts made by benevolent individuals and associations to support the people have necessarily tended to weaken a little spirit of self-reliance that existed amongst them; and it will be a difficult task to inspire them with that energy, which is indispensable before they can be placed in a position of respectable independence. They will require good example, education and encouragement. All classes have much to learn, and they must exercise great patience and mutual forbearance. The people are pauperized, dependent, thievish and untruthful, having no confidence in themselves or others. They seem to be as nearly in a state of barbarism, as it is possible for a people to be, who are natives of a country laying claim to civilization, and within 48 hours journey from London.

Previous to last year's potato blight, the peasantry of Erris appear to have been a contented race, growing abundance of potatoes for their annual consumption, having plenty of wool for clothing, and of butter and milk, the produce of the cattle that they reared on the mountain farms. Each peasant generally had a small lake, called a 'sum,' including two, three, or more acres of arable land, and from 20 to 30 acres of mountain, at a very low rent, sometimes as low as 30 shillings per annum for the whole. With the exception of the five or six weeks spent in planting his potatoes, his time was spent in comparative idleness. A supply of potatoes was always roasting in the ashes on the hearth, and there was no occasion for set hours for meals. They ate when hungry, drank when thirsty, and slept when they wished for repose. As their chief staple of subsistence was the potato, and they made no other provision for the future, the blight has of course proved the death-warrant of thousands. It is clear that if these people, who were then able, with such slight exertion, to live up to their own ideas of comfort, had been as tidy, industrious and provident, as they are dirty, idle and thoughtless, they might have been so raised above want, that the potato blight could not have prostrated them as it has done. I am informed that the fish along the coast of Mayo are excellent and abundant. Yet the people who occupy these shores are far from taking advantage of this great source of wealth and plenty. Their boats are clumsy or unsuited to deep sea fishing; their tackle is of the poorest and most inefficient kind; and whenever they do happen to secure a sufficiency for a week's consumption, they fold their hands, take the world easy, and like the red Indian, wait until forced by hunger to seek for a fresh supply. Along the west coast of Ireland, the people who live close to the sea-shore, and depend partly upon fishing for a maintenance, are they who have suffered the most acutely from the prevalent distress.

Part of the duty entrusted to me was the distribution of the Friends' store of provisions at Belmullet; but I found the supply so inadequate to the demand of this poverty-stricken district, that I could not avoid feelings of great depression in witnessing an amount of distress that would require enormous supplies of food to relieve. I calculated that the entire stock of my disposal there would suffice for only two good meals for the whole population of the barony.

After about 10 days spent in Erris, I visited Achill Island, Newport, Westport, Louisburgh, the Killery, and, entering the County of Galway, proceeded by Salruok on the little Killery, through Connemara to Clifden, from whence I returned through Galway to Dublin. Throughout the whole country from Achill to Galway, there is doubtless much poverty and scarcity; but a person coming from Erris is hardly qualified to judge impartially of the severity of the pressure in other places, so prominent and transcendental is the wretchedness there.

In the southern parts of Mayo, and in the county of Galway, a much greater portion of the land is under tillage, and the government measures of relief had pretty generally come into operation. The appearance of the poor was, therefore, I was informed, much better than it had been a few weeks before, and instances of starvation and extreme distress are

rare, in comparison with the north-western part of Mayo.

It is due to the individuals so actively engaged in the relief of distress to say, that every disposition was shown to forward my inquiries, and to make my stay as agreeable and profitable as possible. The exertions of the coast guard and revenue officers, and of the men under their command, in the distribution of provisions, the oversight of soup kitchens, and other efforts on behalf of the poor, are truly praiseworthy. This labor is, I believe, entirely uncompensated, and in many instances adds seriously to their official duties, which, in the present disorganized state of the country, are much more laborious than usual.

Yours, very truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

THE FOURTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON,
During Christmas and New Year's Week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National A. S. Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labor, to aid their undertaking.

Our object is the abolition of slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny, and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honor and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in the national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained, the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us, therefore, to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subverted at the expense of the cause of Freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put, which every one ought to ask,—How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?—our answer is, 'it shall be spent wholly and directly in awakening, informing and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of any of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but be made to awaken the love of freedom and the hatred of slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation, that the government should become the tributary of this wrong, but in efforts for such an elevation of national character as shall brand it—CRIME.'

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship; while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in Propagandism—for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the root of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures it shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferently frivolous of a selfish existence sinks into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

\$10,000

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

- MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
- ANN T. GREENE PHILLIPS,
- HELEN E. GARRISON,
- MARY MAY,
- ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
- HENRIETTA SARGENT,
- SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
- SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
- MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
- LOUISA LORING,
- CAROLINE WESTON,
- HANNAH TUTTS,
- MARY YOUNG,
- ELIZA F. MERIAM,
- MARY WILLEY,
- CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
- SUSAN C. CABOT,
- ANNE WARREN WESTON,
- EVELINA S. A. SMITH,
- MARIA LOWELL,
- SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
- FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
- ANN R. BRAMHALL,
- LYDIA PARKER,
- HARRIET T. WHITE,
- HARRIET B. HALL,
- ABBA FRANCES,
- ANNA R. PHILBRICK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The subscribers to the Liberator, who have not paid for the current year, will bear in mind that the terms of the paper require that, after six months, payments are to be made at the rate of \$2.50 per annum. The Financial Committee wish it to be understood that the rule must be insisted on. It is earnestly hoped that those who are yet delinquent, will take advantage of this notice to settle their bills immediately.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT,

General Agent for the Liberator.

Dr. Jordan & Willey have Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, No. 12. A rich number, for it calls from Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Landor, &c. Success to the work, and instances of starvation and extreme distress are

Extract of a letter received in Savannah, dated:

TAMPA, June 1st, 1847.
'Since I last wrote you, the sickness has decreased somewhat; but the truth is, that nearly all those sick have died. The Louisiana Regiment have now but 300 men fit for duty. The rest are either in the hospital or in their graves.—Republcan.'

Paymaster Bowworth, who sailed from New Orleans on the 18th ult. sickened and died in Vera Cruz of the vomito.

Death of Prof. Gouard.—Prof. F. F. Gouard, widely known for his system of Mnemotechny, or art of memory, died at New York on the 16th, in his 38th year. He realized \$30,000 in a single winter by his lectures and pupils, but lost it all in unlooked speculations. He was a man of uncommon talent, learning and energy. A large fortune lately left him by a relative in France, was lost by his inability to be in that country, from his own sickness and that of his wife, by the time prescribed as a condition to the will.

More Relief for Ireland.—The new ship Reliance, which sailed from this port on Friday, for Cork, took out nearly \$30,000 worth of breadstuffs and provisions, contributed for the relief of the destitute Irish.

Fatal.—Mr. R. Searl was instantly killed near Cabotville, Mass., on Saturday, by a train of cars, which caught him as he attempted to cross the track. He was aged 35, and has left a family.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will meet at Princeton, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, commencing at 3 o'clock P. M. on Saturday. Stephen S. Foster and William W. Brown have both engaged to be present. Of S. S. Foster's hearty and bold advocacy of the Slave's cause, we here say nothing; nor to any who have heard him, of Mr. Brown's eloquent pleas for the millions of his countrymen in slavery. He has served a regular apprenticeship under the patriarchal institution, twenty-one years. How fitting the day!—not to celebrate hypocritically a liberty only in name, but to make real that liberty to all the inhabitants of the land! On Sunday the day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound! We hope to meet a strong array of the true friends of God and humanity.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, President.

THEODORE P. LOCKE, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY. FOURTH OF JULY.

The annual meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be held in the Christian Baptist meeting-house, at old Plymouth, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, 1847, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., and continuing through each day and evening. Let the citizens and friends of the slave, throughout the Old Colony, be present in overwhelming numbers. A very interesting meeting is anticipated, as Frederick Douglass, Charles L. Remond, Parker Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, will be present. The attraction held out is a powerful one. Let old Plymouth be aroused on this day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound! We hope to meet a strong array of the true friends of God and humanity.

ELMER HEWITT, President.

H. H. BRIGHAM, Secretary.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will celebrate the anniversary of our nation's independence, by a convention of the friends of freedom and humanity, at Canterbury, on Saturday, July 3d, commencing at 10 o'clock, and continuing through the day. C. C. BURLEIGH has promised to be present, and other speakers are expected to address the meeting. Let the gathering be a large one, worthy the cause of liberty.

Is there not cause for the philanthropist and the true patriot to look well to the guarantees of our national security, lest virtue and honesty be forever subverted, and freedom become only a name?

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, Secretary.

FAIR IN LYNN.

The Fair in aid of the 'Prisoner's Friend Association,' will be held at Sagamore Hall, (near the depot), on Monday, the 5th of July.

The Hall will be open at 9 o'clock, when the usual variety of useful and fancy articles, flowers, refreshments, &c. will be offered for sale. Addresses from some friends of the cause will be delivered in the evening.

N. B. Donations for the Fair may be directed to the care of Christopher Johnson, No. 3 Sagamore building.

NOTICE.

A meeting for the organization of a Branch League of Universal Brotherhood will be held July 4th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., in Wagonian Hall, Bromfield Street, Boston. All signers of the pledge, and all friendly to the great principle of Universal Brotherhood, are earnestly invited to attend.

Per order of the Committee.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

POETRY.

From the Dublin Nation.

THE LOST LEADER—O'CONNELL.

While the tree
Of Freedom's wither'd trunk put forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief!

The awful shadow of a Great Man's death
Falls on this land, so sad and dark before—
Dark with the famine and the fever breath,
And mad dissections gnawing at its core.
Oh! let us hush foul discord's maniac roar,
And make a mournful truce, however brief,
Like hostile armies when the day is o'er—
And thus devote the night of our grief
To tears and prayers for him, the Great Departed
Chief!

With child-like incredulity we cry—
It cannot be that great career is run—
It cannot be but in the eastern sky
Again will blaze that mighty world-watch'd sun!
Ah! fond deceit!—the east is dark and dim—
Death's black impervious cloud is on the skies—
Till the deep bell, and fire the evening gun—
Let honest sorrow moisten manly eyes:
A glorious sun has set, that never more shall rise!

Brothers, who struggle yet in Freedom's van,
Where'er your forces o'er the world are spread—
The last great Champion of the Rights of Man,
The last great Tribune of the World is dead!
Join in our grief, and let our tears be shed
Without reserve or coldness on his bier;
Look on his life as on a map outspread—
His light for freedom—freedom far and near—
And if a spark should rise, oh! hide it with a tear!

To speak his praises little need we—
To tell the wonders wrought within these walls—
Enough, so well he taught us to be free,
That even to him we could not kneel as slaves.
Oh! let our tears be fast-dropping graves,
Where doubt and difference may forever lie,
Buried and hid as in sepulchral caves—
And let love's fond and reverential eye
Alone behold the star new risen in the sky!

But can it be, that well-known form is stark?
Can it be true that burning heart is chill?
Oh! can it be, that twinkling eye is dark?
And that great thunder voice is hushed and still?
Never again upon the famous hill
Will he preside as Monarch of the Land,
With myriads subject to his will—
Never again shall raise that powerful hand,
To rouse, to warn, to check, to kindle, and to command!

The twinkling eye, so full of changeable light,
Is dimmed and darkened in a dead corpse's sight,
The withering smile—the smile so sunny bright,
Alike have faded from his voiceless lips;
The words of power—the mirthful merry quips—
The mighty onslaught, and the quick reply—
The biting taunts that cut like stinging whips—
The hourly truth—the lesson grave and high—
All—all are with the past, but cannot, shall not die!

In Godes, the superb, O'Connell dies—
That city of Columbus by the sea,
Beneath the canopy of azure skies,
As high and cloudless as his fame must be.
Is it mere chance or higher destiny
That brings these names together? One the bold
Wanderer in ways that none had trod but he—
The other, too, exploring paths untold—
One a new world would seek, and one would save
The old!

Weak words, unworthy of so great a theme!
Faint thoughts of a sorrow most sincere!
Cease! cease! or let the subject of your dream
Be how to offer at the patriot's bier,
Some gift more precious than a woman's tear—
Some effort offering worthy of a son—
Some effort to unite in one career
All who would win the fight that must be won—
The Freedom of this Land, which he so well began!

DESMOND.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
FLOUR IN IRELAND \$10 PER BARREL—
SOLDIERS IN MEXICO \$7 PER MONTH.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!—Hood.

Hark!—the sound is on our highway,
The rolling drum and snare
Leading down to Death's wild deserts,
Martial caravans of life!
With a visage grim and solemn,
How the plumed host departs!
There's a blood-scent in their nostrils,
Tis the blood of their own hearts!

They are passing by the chapel,
And their measured footsteps say—
Toll the passing bell, good Sexton,
We are going on our way!
Toll the bell for the long journey
Few who go shall ever come back!
Toll, oh toll, so those who mourn us
May toll on their words of woe!
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle, very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

In the east a nation crieth—
We are starving—send us bread!
In the South, red War repleth—
I am hungry for the dead!
Saxon herds for foreign markets
They are bought and sent away;
But the ox upon the shambles
Brings a higher price than they!

Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle, very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

A MINER.

From Howitt's Journal.
PEACE AND WAR.
BY AN UNBLESSED YOUTH.
WAR.
Town deserted; burning village;
Murder; rape; destruction; pillage;
A compelled man's blood to shed;
Weeping; wailing; want of bread;
Commerce checked; grave citizens
Armed with swords instead of pens;
Harvests trampled; homesteads burned;
This is War! why is't not spurned?

PEACE.
Busy town and happy village;
Fruitful fields by careful tillage;
Singing wife and children gay;
Labor smiling through the day;
Bounteous harvests; busy farms;
Rustic swords, disused fire-arms;
War's vain glory set at naught;
This is Peace! why is't not sought?

TOLERATION.

Deal meekly with the hopes that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own;
If wrong, the verdict is to God alone!

SELECTIONS.

From the London Christian Witness, for May, 1847.

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND SLAVERY.

We have for some time been anxiously waiting for a moment when the press of home matters might permit the resumption of the subject of American slavery; but an event has just occurred which compels us, despite that pressure, to return to it. Mr. F. Douglass, having finished his mission to England, has returned a free man to the land which has honored his birth, and degraded by his bondage. It was well he came to England, for here he was widely diffused, afflicting truths and great principles, and acquired for himself a high reputation, and many valuable and honorable friendships of men who will remember him with affectionate interest. His private deportment and public appearances in this country have secured for him very general admiration. Moral philosophers, looking at him as a specimen of his noble brethren, a body amounting to 3,000,000 of men, have only said, Men of whom this is a sample cannot be held in lasting bondage. Their freedom is merely a question of time; they will, they must either receive it, or take it, and none can hinder them! If the slaveholders are wise, they will be wise for themselves; but if they persevere in their folly, and cruelty, and injustice, they must be held in bondage, and their blood, shed on their own heads, will be their own curse. They were warned—they have despised the warning! In vain, in the day of their calamity, they will look for sympathy to Europe! There, time and circumstances are constantly bringing forth new aggravations of their already enormous guilt. Not satisfied, it would seem, with the exercise of a blood-stained tyranny in their own land, they are extending it to our shores, as the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the Times, by Mr. Douglass, will show:

[This letter has already appeared in the Liberator.]
Here, then, is a Company, partly English and partly American, deriving no small portion of its immense annual revenues, for the conveyance of the English mail, with other more substantial advantages, from English connection. To meet the tastes of both parts of the Company, two appropriate agents are selected, one resident in the Metropolis, to represent British feeling, destroying all distinctions both of price, class, and color; and another at the ports to represent American feeling, preserving the distinction with reference to color, while the position of this latter agent amounts to a veto, and renders nugatory the proceedings of his Metropolitan conductor. Mr. Douglass, after nineteen months' intercourse with all ranks and classes in Great Britain, and just issued from a select assembly, comprising some of the most illustrious names, not in London to do him all the interesting stranger, on board the vessel which he hoped was to carry him in peace and honor to his native land, is reduced to the painful alternative of remaining behind, with the loss of his passage-money, or surrendering his berth, taking his 'meals alone,' and being excluded from the 'saloon company,' in a word, being treated as a thing of an inferior order, as a foreigner, an outcast, a vagabond. We should like to know, the American gentlemen who composed this saloon company, that the British people might judge of their mental and moral superiority to Frederick Douglass: for the probabilities are as a thousand to one, that he is incomparably superior to the first man among them. A severe humiliation could scarcely have been devised for them, and a more degrading one, as we should have compelled them, in succession to discuss and defend their prejudice, with Douglass before a Liverpool assembly. One thing is certain, that the first functionalities of her Britannic Majesty would have asked, would have endured no such extension, nor would have deemed themselves in the least degraded by such society; and yet, a great mistake it is, before the voyage terminates, and the vessel gives place to the great let them enter the saloon, give up their berths, and take their 'meals alone.' We remember a case strikingly analogous, told in our hearing by our friend of beloved and imperishable memory, William Knibb. Mr. Knibb stated, that when once on board an English ship, having a gentleman of color in the company, they were joined, at the island of St. Thomas, by an American of the true color, who, as a free man, considered himself with air of republican importance, blustering and swaggering to and fro on the quarter-deck, and protesting that he never should be degraded himself by sitting at table with 'such a fellow.' Mr. Knibb, on ascertaining the facts, apprised the captain, who, with the spirit of an Englishman, said, 'Never mind; we'll settle that. You have him seated between you and me, and we'll see that the matter is settled. There was the man of color between the captain and the missionary. The American appeared, and fiercely protested against his presence, declaring that either he should leave the table, or he would have his meals on deck. The captain calmly answered, 'As you please about remaining; but if you will not come to your meals, your meal shall go to the devil.' The result was, hunger, which tamed the lion, brought the Yankee to his senses: after holding out a little, he quietly submitted, and so far as we know, without any calamity or deterioration to his physical nature.

We have expressed a wish to know the names of the American passengers, but we have some anxiety about those of the English; for, as we know, that had it known, which more probably they did not, the circumstances of the case, they would have taken the thing into their own hands, and have insisted on the presence of Mr. Douglass, whoever might be scandalized by it, or to whatever consequences it might have led. Nor, in all probability, would they have let the bottom of the following measure of British indignation at a deed so unjust, an arrangement so inhuman, giving them to understand emphatically that whatever might be deemed due to the citizens of the States, the British people had also their rights—rights of which the chief is not to be forced into a false position, whereby they are rendered instruments of wrong to their fellow-men.

One word as to the origin of this fell tale. Among the multitude of profundities which distinguish the pages of Tacitus, there is not one more suggestive or pertinent to the present case than his declaration, that 'men hate those whom they have injured.' This is the utmost stretch of philosophy upon the point; it reaches the bottom of the quarrel between the American whites to the men of color founded solely in their boundless injuries towards him. The fires of their Pandemonium are constantly fed by the remembered cruelties they have perpetrated, and do still perpetrate, on 3,000,000 of men. Walking in so fierce an atmosphere of crime, the hearts of evil-doers are reduced to an alternative; they are either burnt by the flames themselves, or their victims. To allow that the slaves are men, is to confess themselves criminals of the deepest dye. So long, therefore, as wrong lasts, hate will last; to destroy the enmity, slavery must be abolished.

This is the proper place to record another instance of infamous trucking to this iniquitous spirit. The volume of Lectures delivered by the late John Foster at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, and recently published amongst ourselves, has been re-published in America. The subject of one of these lectures, which was delivered in May, 1823, by special request, was on Negro Slavery, as it then existed in the British Colonies. Now will it be credited that this generous, noble and profound philosophical dissertation is actually excluded from the American edition? Was there ever an instance of more complete business? Not satisfied with silencing the living, even the voice of the mighty dead may not be heard among men whose sweetest music is the groaning of the prisoner and the clanking of chains! All things are subject to the terrible sceptre of this man-hating despotism, which, we have just seen, regulates the passage to Europe, the movements of the press, and, as all the world knows, the arrange-

ments of the railway, of everything social, yes, even of the house of God itself! Surely the cup of its iniquity is well-nigh full. The doom of this hateful dominion is sealed of heaven, and, at a day not very distant, it must be overthrown for ever!

P.S. From accounts received since writing the above, we perceive that the captain, in the spirit of an Englishman, gave up his own cabin to Mr. Douglass; and one of the Agents of the Company has publicly stated, that it had been offered to return the passage money, when the ticket was withdrawn. In justice to all parties, we state this fact.

From the New-York Sunday Dispatch.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

Some indignation, and much contempt, have been excited during the past week, by an article in the New-York Express, in which the present war with Mexico is denounced as a Protestant war, waged against the Roman Catholic Religion; and calling upon the Irish and German Catholics of this country to join the opposition to the administration and the war.

This is one of those cases in which it is a matter of extreme doubt whether a man is more knave or fool. It is very difficult to decide whether the writer of this article possesses much malice or stupidity; and the circumstance of its appearance in a paper which has been one of the organs of 'Nationalism' does not assist us in our decision.

We shall not enlarge upon the iniquity of endeavoring to set one religious sect, in this country of universal toleration, against another—we shall only show the absurdity of such an endeavor, in this instance; nor shall we insult the intelligence of our readers by saying that there has been nothing in the commencement or the conduct of this war, to warrant the supposition that our principles of religious liberty are intended to be violated.

The facts are all of one way. The political party, which numbers in its ranks the greatest number of Catholics, is the party which supports the war. The States of the Union having the greatest number of Catholic citizens, have sent the most volunteers to Mexico. The States which have most opposed the war, are those where Protestantism and Nationalism most flourish. The same is true, with scarcely an exception, in regard to the press. The most violent Anti-Catholic papers, religious and secular, are at the same time most violent in their opposition to the war. On the other hand, as a general rule, the papers which have honorably sustained the entry into the war, which have shown the greatest liberality in religious matters.

While the war has been denounced in Protestant pulpits, Catholic preachers have taught their flocks lessons of real patriotism; and two of them at least have volunteered as chaplains in our army. St. Louis, while every Protestant church was shrouded in darkness, the Roman Catholic Cathedral and churches blazed in all the splendor of a magnificent illumination.

To show what are the feelings of the Roman Catholic population of Louisiana, a State which has done more than any other to carry on the war, we will give an account of the celebration in honor of our victories in the Parish of St. Martin, on Sunday, the 23d of May. The St. Martinville Gazette says:

On Sunday last, the celebration in honor of the victories achieved by the American arms in Mexico, took place in our village. Agreeably to previous notice, the citizens assembled at the Court House, formed a procession and marched to the sound of the drum, to the church, where a most beautiful and imposing service was performed. A banner, bearing in letters of gold the names of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, and the American flag, were attached to two of the pillars of the church, and were carried in triumph. While the Te Deum was being chanted, the cannon roared until the end of the ceremony. No accident occurred. At sunrise, the American flag was hoisted on a staff raised for the purpose, opposite the church, and on the top of the tower of the church. During the day, many guns were fired, and the States in the Union. A public dinner was also given at Jeanerret's hotel, where about sixty guests assembled, and patriotic toasts were drunk. In fine, the celebration was worthy of the occasion, and as we have before stated, nothing occurred during the day to mar the joy and enthusiasm of our community.

Here, then, in a community of Catholics, nearly by fifteen hundred miles west, to the west of us, was this solemn Thanksgiving held, on Sunday, at the village church, with all the august forms of religious worship, where the pealing organ, the anthem of praise, and the thunder of artillery, with the grateful rejoicings of a patriotic people, ascended to the God of battles.

It is not to be wondered at, if the God of battles see abundant reason for a nation's gratitude. Since the conquest of Canada, by the children of Israel, there have been no more signal manifestations of Divine approbation and aid. Let us call to the mind of the reader a few instances, which cannot fail to strike every one who acknowledges a Supreme providence, as Divine interpositions in our behalf.

An officer of the American army, in an account of the battle of Buena Vista, says: 'While the battle was going on, there came over us a gentle shower, and the most beautiful rainbow appeared on our side, that I ever saw. I then thought the Lord was for us, and cared not who was against us.' Another officer, who was present at the battle, and who was wounded, says: 'I rested gloomily over the Mexicans, and I was resting gloomily over them, and loud thunders mingled with the roar of our artillery.'

During the great march of the army of Colonel Doniphan, to the conquest of Chihuahua, there were still more striking manifestations, which filled the whole army with religious awe. An officer, who was present at the battle, says: 'In coming through the mountain gorges, called the Jornada, there was not one drop of water to be found within twenty miles! Our weary animals—particularly the oxen—became exhausted, and sank down, as we supposed, to rise no more. Our situation was appalling, and relief seemed to be beyond the range of possibility. At this instant, a clap of thunder, and a shower of rain, came down upon us, and the mountains—black clouds rolled rapidly up, and rain came down in torrents—the parched desert was soon drenched—the animals were refreshed, and the army moved, wondering and rejoicing. No rain had fallen in this part of Mexico for upwards of four months, and no one expected a drop until the beginning of the rainy season, which commenced about the 15th of June.'

A similar incident, which occurred on the very day of the battle—one of the most remarkable in this war—served to deepen the impression made by the above providential preservation, and filled the soldiers of this little army with a courage and confidence which made them invincible, and gave them a victory, and, on our side, an almost bloodless victory.

¶ This 'Sunday Dispatch' is a very pious journal, certainly, as the foregoing article shows—and very decent withal, as the other articles we have copied from it into the 'Refuge of Oppression,' respecting Frederick Douglass, clearly evince. Every one, who acknowledges a special providence, may also readily believe, without any fear of coming to an unjust conclusion, that the editor of the Dispatch is a special rogue.—Ed. Lib.

A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

Under this head, a Southern paper announces that our venerable brother, Cave Johnson, draws a pension of \$40 annually, which he is in the habit of applying to benevolent purposes. We received a power of attorney from him a few days ago, in which he directed us to draw his pension, and divide it equally between the Indian Mission, China Mission, General Association, and Bible Society, (ten dollars to each), which has been done accordingly. It has been quite fashionable, of late, whenever a public man commits an act that is particularly mean or wicked, that he goes at once and does something particularly pious and philanthropic. Gen. Taylor, for instance, just after the battle of Monterey, joined the Missionary Society, and we suppose that, influenced by the same kind of moral reaction, the Postmaster General gave away his \$40 pension just after the issue of his oppressive and arbitrary interpretation of the Post Office laws, by which a person is prevented from sending a newspaper to a friend, under three copper cents—this first deposited in Uncle Sam's till—Christian Office.

THE DEATH OF O'CONNELL.

The death of the Irish Liberator has revealed the immensity of his fame. The friends of freedom look upon his loss as a great calamity, as a great event—as nothing less than a catastrophe—in the progress and prospects of public liberty. Yet no man ever belonged in his whole spirit, and life, and character, more exclusively and more intensely to a single nation. O'Connell was Irish incarnate.

How, then, came his name to be a power, not in Ireland only, but throughout the world? Because he was more than an entire generation, in all his great efforts the cause of Ireland, he stood before the world as the most prominent and powerful representative of the two noblest political ideas which have been developed in the European system of nations during this nineteenth century. As the Catholic Emancipationist, he represented the freedom of conscience from the oppressions of the civil power. As the Irish Liberator, he represented political revolution operating by moral force alone, and through the forms of law. In the first of these characters, in 1829, he, the champion of an oppressed and dependent province, overcame in combination Wellington and Peel—the soldier who had then wrested Europe from the grasp of Napoleon, and the statesman who had secured the victory of the most colossal monopoly in the world, and given to England free trade in food. In his second character—as a peaceful revolutionist—O'Connell has left his mission unfinished. In his latter days, a terrible dispensation of Providence—the refusal of the soil of his country to bring forth food for man—for a time paralyzed his arm in its work of deliverance, and he has 'died' when under the pressure of such an event, he could no longer 'do.' But 'revolutions never go backwards,' and the Liberator of Ireland yet works by words which he has given on the hearts of Irishmen. When O'Connell said, 'Let every Irishman remember that he who commits a crime strengthens the enemy,' he summed up, in a line, the whole scope of peaceful revolution, and uttered a principle which is as true as the law of gravitation, and as sacred as the law of God. It is a principle which has been ever felt from the lips of the leader of a people in revolt. Such words are more than battles.

As an orator, O'Connell must rank high among the greatest of those who have mastered men by the gift of speech. More than any other man of his day—more than Buryer, and as much as Mirabeau—was the orator of great masses of men. The 'Monster Meeting' (in the use he made of it, almost his own invention) was the true element of his eloquence. Such a presence put into his hands at once persuasion and power, and he opened at will all the deepest fountains of rage, of laughter, and of tears. And yet he was very great in the selection circle of Irishmen, and in the circle of the very earth, at a single blow, the rampant rhetoric of Diaboli, before which, at a later day, even Peel himself was to retreat and quail. Neither the impassioned ingenuities of Macaulay, nor the strong grasp and impetuous force of Stanley, were a match for him in the debates on the famous Irish coar-bill. And his pen was as powerful as his speech. His 'Letters to the people of England,' published some years since in the Times, have always appeared to us as among the finest, if not the very finest, specimens of popular appeal which our age has produced. They are as vivid and fervent as the best passages of O'Connell's speeches, and they are as condensed, and terse, and strongly woven in their style, as the best political pamphlets of Swift.

The loss of O'Connell is a great loss to the cause of liberty, and above all, of revolution throughout the world. But in no other foreign nation will the memory of his greatness be so cherished as in the United States. Yet he was at times led to speak of our Union, and especially of the southern portion of it, with great asperity and harshness. That he should have so spoken, is a disgrace to the memory of one of his wisdom and his liberality. It showed him ready to resort to invective and denunciation in relation to a great and complicated subject, which he had no fit opportunity to examine or understand. In a word, it is at once a part of his glory as a Patriot, and a part of his imperfection as a Champion of Reform, that his political views seem to have been rigorously bound up in the memory of his country, and that he was raised up to fight the great moral battle of oppressed Ireland; and he put into that cause, involving as it did the cause of Catholicism under Protestant ascendancy, the whole power of his understanding and of his heart. To find a parallel to that power in his mastery over the Irish people, we have to go back to the days of the great Luther and of Mahomet.—Washington Union.

PRESIDENT FOLK—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Boston correspondent of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, 'D. Y.' notices the contemplated visit of James K. Polk to Boston in the following caustic strain—

¶ Apropos to John Tyler's visit. I suppose you know we are living in hopes of one shortly from the illustrious successor, the Great Conqueror of Mexico.—Mexican he would have been sure, had he had the good luck to have been an Old Roman, himself, instead of only being the neighbor and nominee of one. This prospect however, has given occasion to some of those funny manifestations of the American character, the enjoyment of which is all that makes existence in this country endurable. The Daily Advertiser and some of the other old Whig organs have been turning up their respectable noses at the expected advent, and intimating that the cold shoulder should be turned to him, as a testimony against his conduct in the matter of the war! 'Here's willingness for you,' with a vengeance, which well may vie with that which made the ribs of Whig-fetters and Whig-saddles, and the men whose gullets were wide enough to swallow the whole of the thumping dromedaries as Deacon Briggs, and Mr. Winthrop, making very faces as they strain at a poor little grail like Mr. Polk! Why, it is like Mother Midnight, or Mother Cole, turning their backs upon some poor Doll Tearsheet, because of their inordinate virtue!

It is due to the consistency of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, to give Mr. Polk such a reception as never President had before, not excepting Washington himself. There was never one whose public conduct received such an unequivocal seal of approbation as was given to him at his last election. All who voted for Governor Briggs, as well as all the Democrats, are bound, if they have any regard for the common consistency, if they have any regard for the honor of the State, to show to the person of Mr. Polk, the respect which they proved themselves, by their actions, to feel for his public policy. And I am happy to be assured that this will be done. I believe that I violate no confidence, when I state that at a late meeting of the manufacturers, it was voted to escort the President, in his visit to the city, by a body of two of the most eminent of their number, each bearing a banner, the one having for an inscription, 'Do what you will, it is too late to resist!' and the other, 'Resistance to Tyranny may be attended with bad results!' At a numerous meeting of merchants, also, it was resolved to show the President the same mark of respect, and JOHN H. PEARSON, Esq., was appointed to present a banner, displaying a banner presenting a slave whipped to death for running away, with a Boston slave ship in the distance, and the motto, 'Spare him right!' It is earnestly hoped that the Defender of the Constitution will be so far recovered from the surfeit under which he is now suffering, in consequence of an excessive indulgence in Tongs, during his late Southern tour, (an article of diet much affected by Northern Statesmen in 'southern' attitudes, as to be able to perform the act of homage on behalf of Massachusetts to her Paramount Lord,—a part which his frequent rehearsals of late, at the South, have eminently fitted him to perform. It is intended to entertain the President with a banquet on the Common, in which all the Resolves of the State relating to Slavery, to the Americanization of Texas, and other kindred subjects, will be buried by the hands of the common hangman. An effigy of the Hon. Samuel Hoar will be, at the same time, suspended from a gallows prepared for the purpose, (unless the original can be provided, instead), as a slight atonement for the insult offered to the nation, through him, to the sovereign power of the nation. An attempt, also, will be made to unearth a fugitive slave, of whose whereabouts there are many burrowing about this city, that His Excellency, the President, may be gratified with the sight of a Slave Hunt in the streets of Boston. In short, it is believed that no pains will be spared to make his visit agreeable to the Guest of the city, and honorable to his Hosts.

From the Liberty Press.

LIBERTY LEAGUE AND ITS NOMINEES.

Bao, BARTLEY—I have just returned from Macdon Lock, in attendance of the Convention called by Goodell, Jackson & Co., for the nomination of their candidates for the next Presidential campaign.

The Convention was very small for a national one, as will be seen by the vote on their candidates. The first two days were spent in reading an address of great length, and the discussion of their principles.

The third day, at 11 o'clock, they proceeded to ballot for a candidate for President, inviting all the women present, that agreed with them, to vote on the last ballot; 66 voted for Gerrit Smith; 6 for J. G. Birney; 1 for Lucetta Mott; 1 for L. Maria Childs; and 1 for another woman, name not retained, making 75 votes. Mr. Smith was then declared unanimously nominated. They then balloted for a candidate for Vice President, which resulted in the nomination of Elihu Burritt. A few votes were cast for Wm. Goodell and others.

During the whole Convention, they levelled their main, if not their whole artillery against the Liberty party. They charge us with leaving our old grounds, and proving recreant to our avowed principles. Their addresses, resolutions, and speeches, were filled with threats, and the Liberty party, just because it would not adopt their peculiar notions.

Mr. Goodell went so far as to say that the leading men in the Liberty party were in favor of never making another nomination, and but for this move of theirs, the Liberty party would die without making any farther effort.

After they had made their nominations, we urged them, as they had organized a new party, to take a new name, to avoid confusion and deception.

To this, there were strong objections with some. They said, they were the 'true Liberty party,' or the 'Liberty party proper.' They claimed that we were the dissenters, and not they. Mr. Goodell contended that it was important to assume a new name, as they were a new party. He said that he felt unwilling to have it supposed anywhere, that he sustained any relation to the Liberty party, in its present position.

After arguing the question for some time, pro and con, they passed a resolution, pretty unanimously, to adopt and be known by the name of 'The Liberty League.' The League adopted the Albany Patriot as its mouth-piece and organ.

Yours for the enslaved,

H. WHITCHER.

Rochester, June 11, 1847.

CONTRIBUTION FOR THE SUFFERERS BY FAMINE IN SCOTLAND.

Extract from Minutes of Meeting of the Glasgow Society, dated 20th April, 1847:

The Secretary read to the meeting:—

1st. Letter from John Clow, Esq. of Liverpool, dated 23d April current, with letter from Wm. Rathbone, Esq. to Mr. Clow, of date 19th current, and relative to order by R. B. Forbes, Esq. on the 18th inst. of the American ship 'Mississippi,' which the Secretary added, he had acknowledged receipt, and had also written Mr. Trevelyan as suggested.

Whereupon it was moved by Mr. William Connal, seconded by Mr. Black, unanimously—
Resolved, That this meeting receive the intelligence conveyed by these letters and documents with the most sincere pleasure, and desire to express their high admiration of the conduct of the citizens of New England represented by Mr. Forbes, and their deep gratitude to them for their great and generous contribution towards the relief of the destitute inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—a contribution which is valued, not merely on account of its intrinsic worth, but still more for the Christian and philanthropic spirit which led to the gift, and the exercise of which, this meeting trusts, will draw closer and closer the bonds of brotherhood and love between the citizens of New England and the whole inhabitants of Great Britain: That this committee do, with zealous endeavor to distribute the supplies from the citizens of New England, not merely in a like Catholic spirit in which they have been bestowed, but also with the utmost attention that can be given to their careful distribution, so that they may go as far as possible in relieving the parties for whom they were intended, and also in circulating the philanthropic and benevolent sentiments and conduct of the citizens of New England: That this resolution be communicated to R. Bennett Forbes, Esq. with the heartfelt thanks of the Glasgow Committee for the great trouble he has taken in the discharge of his labor of love, and with the assurance of their high esteem for him, and that they do hereby request the committee to give the committee greater pleasure, and an opportunity of stating to him in person their feelings of gratitude for the contribution made by his fellow-citizens, as well as for his exertions and services.

Mr. Webster and the Ball.—The Charleston S. C. Evening News says: 'A friend, alluding to the ball given to this gentleman, remarked that it was a reflection on the hospitality of our city, to tell Mr. Webster, as soon as he arrives here, he must take to his heels.'

Did not Charleston tell this to the Hon. Samuel Hoar, who went there, not on an intriguing tour for electioneering purposes, but as the representative of a State, demanding the same impartial justice for old Massachusetts? Ay, and did not she thrust on him with a coat of tar and feathers, if he did not follow her advice? And yet Massachusetts, like a sick child compelled to take a dose of nauseous medicine, swallows down the insult offered her in the person of Samuel Hoar, and smacks her lips over the sugar plump compliment which she afterwards pays to Daniel Webster.

—Ohio Bugle.

A Short.—Rev. Mr. Stone, of Salem, exchanged with Rev. Mr. Shackford of Lynn, last Sunday; and the former preached at the latter's place of discourse. We are informed that while Mr. Stone was speaking of, and commenting rather severely upon, the Mexican war, one of the congregation got up and rushed out of the meeting-house, causing the minister to exclaim, 'who is he?' What right have preachers, now-a-days, to say anything contrary to the opinion of any of their parishioners? They can see, in this instance, that a minister who preaches on disagreeable subjects is liable to make some of his hearers a come-outer.—Lynn News.

A Strike Against Slave Labor.—The workmen of the Tredegar iron works, Richmond, Va., have struck against the employment of slaves at puddling in that establishment, and also for an increase of wages. The owner of the works sends them word through the newspapers, that as they have discharged themselves, he will dispense with their services, and put slaves in their places. The matter is exciting some feeling, and the proprietor of the works appeals to the public to sustain him in his testing what he calls the 'boldest attack upon slave labor, and the rights of the citizen, ever before made in a slave State.'

Execution of Stepter.—Agreeably to sentence, R. Stepter was executed at Greenupburg on Saturday last, between 12 and 1 o'clock. There were present about 20 persons, and a large number of curious spectators, and a large number of ladies, who were all dressed in mourning. The executioner was a man of respectable appearance and high breeding, and they would not have lacked that, if they had stayed at home. Two or three men faint, and many others would not look upon the horrid spectacle, but the ladies viewed matters with the utmost sang froid. In fact, some of them were so extremely anxious to get a good view that they clambered to the roof of a two-story house near the gallows, and for aught we know, they are there yet.—Portsmouth (O.) Tribune.

Shall there be Funerals on the Sabbath?—A distinguished clergyman of Pittsburgh proposes this question to the consideration of the religious public. It was to have been discussed on Monday evening at the first Presbyterian Church of that city.

When that question is decided, says the Charleston Mercury, we suppose the next that will be proposed will be, whether there shall be any deaths on Saturday.

Large Woman.—The Quincy Patriot says a woman recently died in that town, whose weight was upwards of three hundred pounds. Her coffin measured three inches in width, and was as large as the corpse had to be carried out of the house, and placed in it, neither doors nor windows being wide enough to admit it.

WILLIAM B. LOGAN.

DEALER IN FASHIONABLE BOOTS AND SHOES, 80, PURCHASE STREET, NEW BEDFORD.

W. B. L. keeps constantly on hand a good assortment, and will sell cheap for cash. Street alterations paid to custom-made work, by Messrs. Parker & Davis. New Bedford, June 1.

BOOKS!

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FACTS for the People, showing the relations of the United States Government to Slavery, and objects: compiled from Official and authentic Documents, and from the original